A WINDOW OPEN ON THE WORLD

The UNESCO Courier

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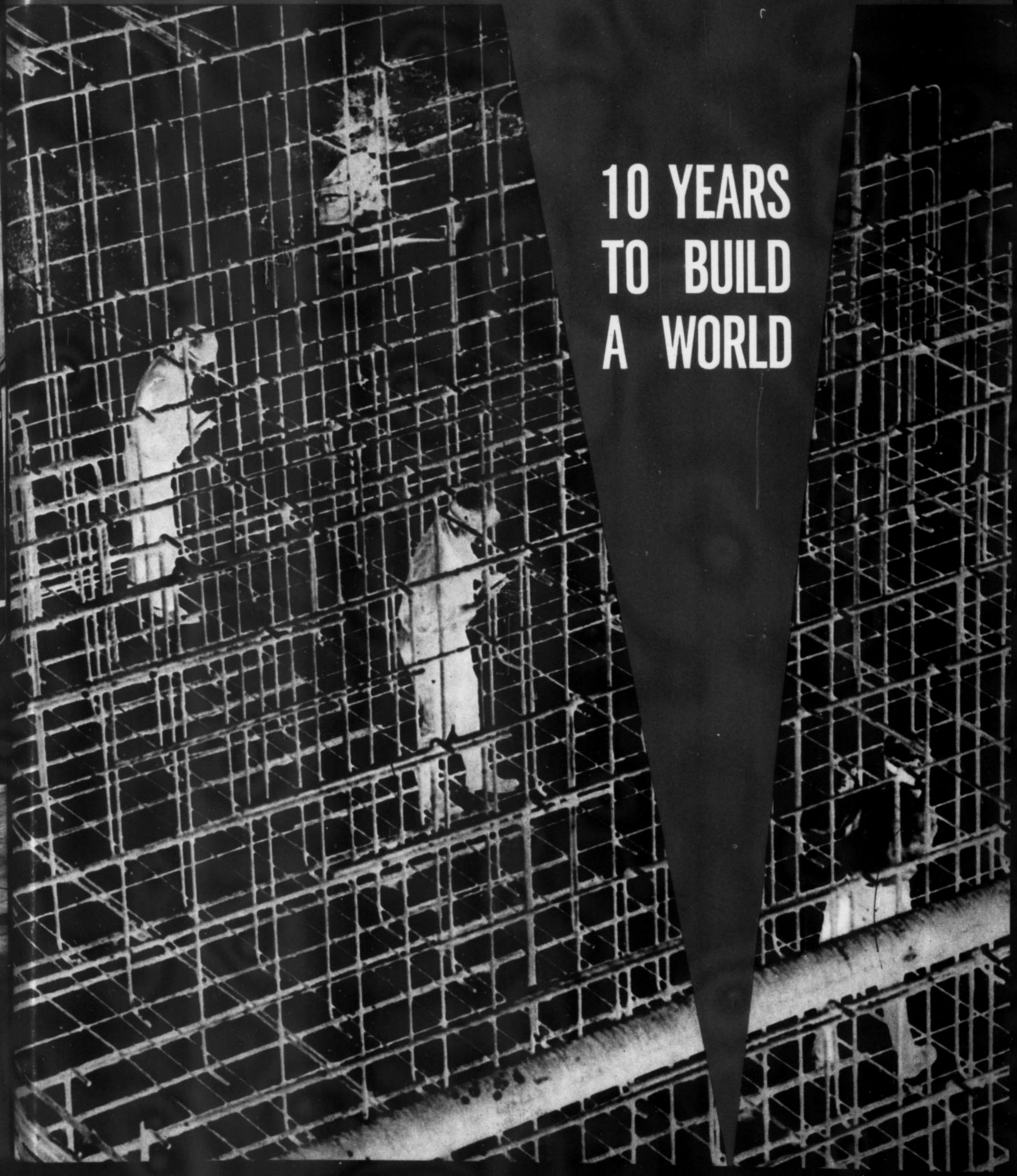

10 YEARS TO BUILD A WORLD

© Zoe Binswanger

AFRICAN HARP-STATUE

In this "harp statue" fashioned by a craftsman of the Mangbetu tribe in the Valley of Uele, Northern Congo, aesthetic beauty has been combined with a sense of musical harmony. The wooden resonance box is covered with skin and the five strings are made of vegetable fibre. As the Mangbetu bard plays this ancient instrument, it becomes, in a sense, a companion singer, embodying in visual and symbolic form something of the human chant itself. (See p. 23)

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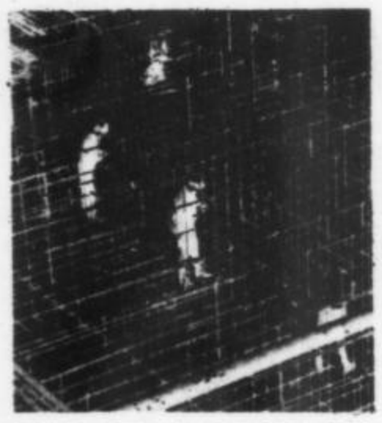

COVER PHOTO

Between the small world of ease and comfort and the huge and growing world of poverty there is a widening gap. The United Nations has called for a world effort to bridge this gap, and has named the 1960's the "United Nations Development Decade." See "The Flags are not Enough," page 26.

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Unesco, Place de Fontenoy, Paris 7e, France

Editor-in-Chief
Sandy Koffler

Assistant Editor
René Caloz

Associate Editors
English Edition : Ronald Fenton
French Edition : Jane Albert Hesse
Spanish Edition : Arturo Despouey
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Layout & Design
Robert Jacquemin

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A CASE OF MISSING IDENTITY

by William C. Kvaraceus

Nothing in the world troubles the adolescent as much as the question of his own identity: how he sees himself and how he feels the rest of the world sees him. He is struggling for "ego mastery." An American psychoanalyst, Dr. Erik H. Erikson, has written: "...Identity consciousness means preoccupation between the self-image or images and one's appearance in the eyes of others. The vanity and sensitivity of adolescents belong here and also the apparent callousness to suggestions and their lack of shame in the face of criticism... Adolescents, at one time or another, for varying periods and with varying intensity, suddenly decide to try and be exactly what some of their elders do not want them to be... Young people, in extreme conditions, may eventually find a greater sense of identity in being withdrawn or in being delinquent than in anything else society has to offer them."

Carlton Film Export-From the film, "David and Lisa"

WORLD SIDE STORY ❸

In our last issue we began publication of a series of articles on juvenile delinquency. They present the findings of a special inquiry carried out for Unesco by William C. Kvaraceus, Director of Youth Studies at the Lincoln Filene Center for Citizenship and Public Affairs of Tufts University, Medford, U.S.A. In this article the author discusses the psychological aspects of social inadaptation and the effects of new kinds of relationships between children and adults now being brought about by modern life.

Even a negative identity—and more than one habitual delinquent child has described himself as "plain mean"—can be satisfying. It can also be an expression of rebellion on the part of the youngsters. Furthermore a youngster may feel it is better to have a negative self than no self at all. For a negative identity serves to ward off—if not entirely eradicate—some of the doubts and confusion about himself and how the world sees him.

Whether or not we accept the viewpoint—and it is not exclusively a psychoanalytical theory—that the child's relationships with his parents may eventually result in the kind of aggressions that we have labelled as delinquency, there is little to be gained by denouncing the faulty or inadequate family.

Parents who have failed their children are often persons who have failed themselves and do not know it. In many instances, particularly in certain milieux where there is a higher degree of "broken" homes, parents have not consciously decided to ignore or abuse their children. Sometimes they are too busy trying to make a living, sometimes they are helpless and cannot exert the right control and very often they are ignorant of what they might achieve as parents because no experience or relationship in their own childhood gives them a good example or even a measurement.

It has been said that parents in a slum area do not experience as many pleasures of family life as people in a more prosperous stratum. They often have almost nothing to share with their children except meals. But, as a psychiatrist from a hospital in New York City once said in referring to such families, "After all, who are these parents in 'bad' homes? Poor, unhappy people themselves."

But the most deficient parents are not necessarily always among those who live in wretched buildings or in newly erected standardized housing projects for low-income groups. Juvenile delinquency appears to have increased in middle-class homes as well, and these are generally richer, often calmer and more controlled. Hence there is a growing belief that parents of both groups have much less control or influence over their children than earlier generations of parents.

The inference is not that parents care less about their children or are too lazy or indifferent to give them guidance and discipline. One possible reason for the growing lack of control is that many adults realize they can no longer serve as the hero-models for their children.

A man born forty years ago, for example, has already seen undreamed-of changes in his world; his son's future will yield even more. The father's experiences and judgement—and even his ideals—may not be as meaningful and crucial as they would be in more stable or predictable times. If children can no longer look to their parents as up-to-date models, no one knows it better than the adults.

Young people usually want and need parental models either to imitate or reject. When the parents are passive, it is impossible for the children to emulate them or rebel against them. Few children might actively complain about the increasing tolerance and permissiveness of their parents but their behaviour often reflects their own inner confusion.

The possessive, domineering mother or the tyrannical father are scarcely preferable, but one of the difficulties undoubtedly affecting youngsters today is that their parents can no longer provide emotional yardsticks and ideals for a future that is more unpredictable than ever before. When there are no clear boundaries in a child's life, when the "rules" are never defined, when neither his father nor his mother represent certain values and certain

CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE

The need to be 'somebody'

commitments to life, it becomes harder for the child to discover a true image of himself and to set limits of behaviour.

The inspector of Copenhagen's Child Welfare Directorate, N. H. Vilien, has written of some parents: "they have totally failed to offer their children any kind of guidance suitable to their future life. One could illustrate this by saying that adolescents are in no better position than a human being from a primitive community who suddenly finds himself transplanted into a highly industrialized society. It is easy to imagine his feeling of helplessness when faced with the innumerable possibilities of choice for which he was quite unprepared."

Mr. Vilien also emphasized that children and young people must be given the opportunity to experience the feeling of being "somebody" who counts, of playing a "role," of being of importance.

Regardless of his nationality or his background, a child may turn desperately to delinquency as an answer to his problems. But delinquency is not the inevitable behaviour for an unhappy child seeking some form of reassurance. The same child may relieve his own fears and anxieties through neurotic behaviour. And although neurotic behaviour and juvenile delinquency sometimes overlap, they are not identical and not synonymous.

Juvenile delinquency in any form cannot be diagnosed simply and solely as psychological maladjustment arising from family disruptions. However, this can be one of the many complex factors which influence a child.

Deprived of a family and a proper home, this young Tunisian, Abdallah, was living as best he could in a shanty town when a social worker took him to a "children's village". On his arrival (right) he is shown a model of the village which has been set up in a former military camp. Bathed and dressed in new clothes (above) Abdallah visits his dormitory. Soon he finds his place in one of the groups of this little community and joins in games and sports with the other boys (below)

ONE of the hopeful, and yet one the puzzling, aspects of trying to understand and help the juvenile delinquent are the many theories about the forces that propel children. Not all of what the specialists say may relieve us; some theories overlap while other theories contradict each other. It is as though we were being led to many windows and given a choice of many views, each different and each revealing only one angle. But only by seeing the problem of delinquency from these different angles can we hope to discover new aspects that might otherwise have escaped us. The teacher, the judge in a juvenile court, the anthropologist, the sociologist, the psychologist, the social worker can all lead us to different windows and ask us to look out.

We have considered the interior forces that may shape a child so crucially at the beginning of his life, but there is also the outside world which begins to intrude upon his thoughts and feelings when he is very young. The family may be the centre of gravity for a child but he is never immune to the world around him. There are many social factors that touch upon a child's life and leave a deep imprint.

For example, a young person who grows up in a deprived area learns certain kinds of behaviour as naturally and normally as the middle-class boy learns exactly the opposite. It has even been suggested that the child of the slums has a "tradition" to follow. A middle-class child might be taught to fear poor marks in school, fighting, cursing, and being rude to his teacher. But the slum child, conversely, might fear doing well in school and being friendly with his teacher, for this would set him apart from the other children and possibly evoke their anger or ridicule. He may even have been taught at home that school is a waste of time.

The middle-class child is often taught, and put under pressure, to divert all his ambitions into getting good marks and if he has strong aggressions he will often sublimate them in achieving the goals his parents and society hold dear. The slum child, all too often, learns that the

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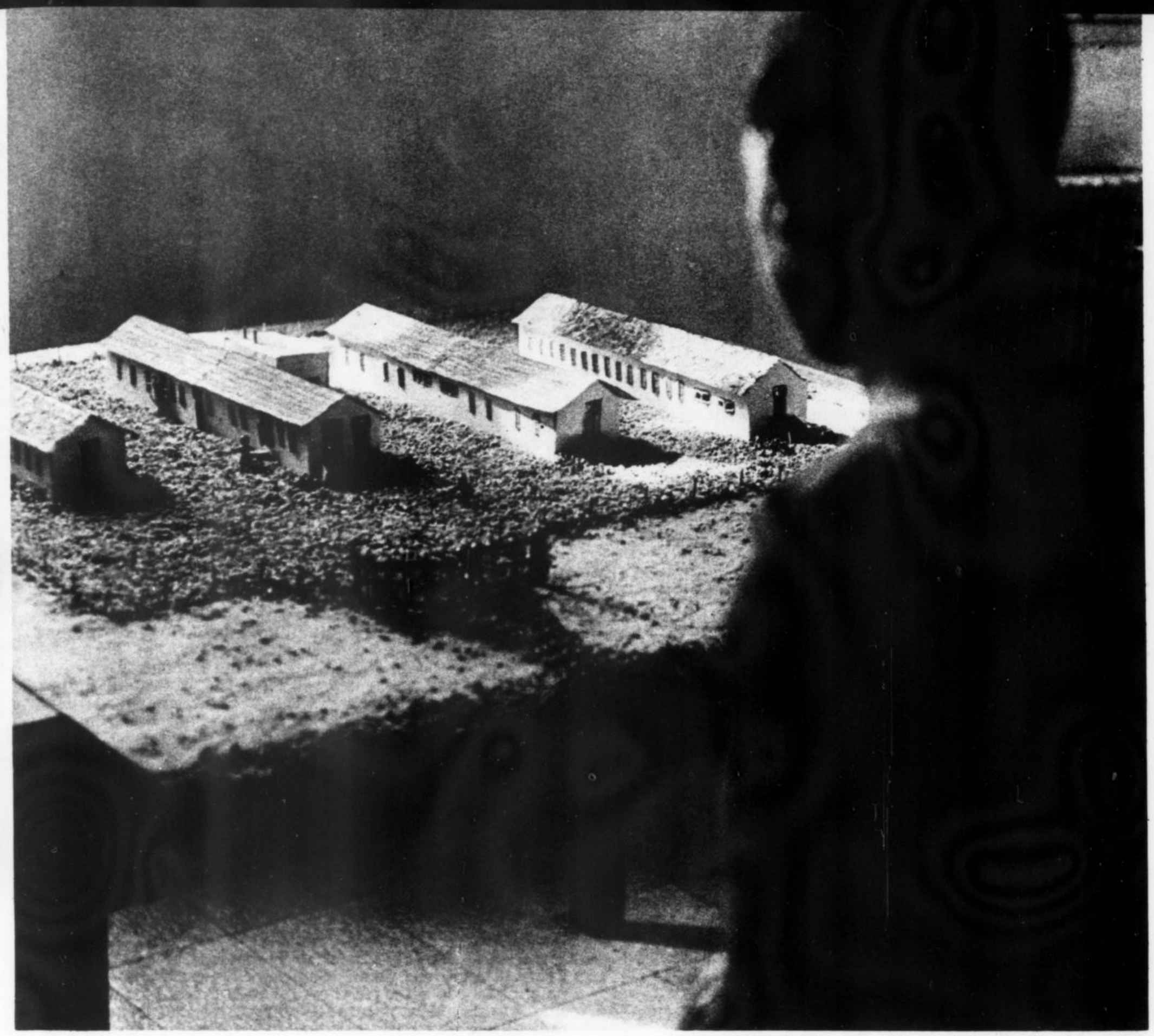

Photos © Yvan Dalain

HANDS ACROSS THE SLUM

Eight years ago the Tunisian Government launched a large scale operation to care for and rehabilitate children and adolescents who were without homes and families and who, through poverty, the disappearance of patriarchial traditions and the lure to young people of life in the cities, were living by all kinds of dubious means. A series of "children's villages" was created whose aim was not only to provide a roof, food and education, but also to restore the children's confidence in themselves. Though they were not necessarily young delinquents, these children had become used the uncontrolled freedom of life in the streets. But thanks to the kind of re-education that makes use of co-operation rather than compulsion, they have gradually been taught to accept the normal standards of community life. Thus, in their villages, at work and at play in their small groups, these young "outcasts" learn the advantages of freely accepted discipline: security, friendship and a sense of being part of the community.

In the children's village, Abdallah helps to prepare a sports ground. Soon he will learn to adopt the team spirit and find real friendships.

The lure of juvenile gangs

best way to express his aggressions is with his fists, for he has a completely different frame of reference.

It cannot be assumed that all deprived areas are jungles of violence or that a child cannot survive life in this sort of neighbourhood without giving and taking many beatings. What is clearly shown in many scientific research projects is that while deprived areas are never the one and only cause for delinquency, they can provide a different set of traditions which are unfamiliar to outsiders.

The values a child learns from the social structure surrounding him direct his behaviour and no matter how dangerous these values are, they almost constitute a legacy. The child may eventually replace or reject these values, but he can rarely ignore them. Many children who are exposed to values which almost encourage delinquency do not automatically become delinquents. Others prove more vulnerable.

THE community is the first world a child confronts. As he grows older, he may clearly see the boundaries. The child who lives in an underprivileged neighbourhood may often resent the limits that he feels society has imposed. Because of his background and the limitations of his life, he may become aggressive because he is frustrated. "Frustration aggressions," from the sociologist's point of view, can mean being deprived of legitimate means to achieve desired goals.

This may be illustrated through hundreds of case histories. One example could be the boy who knows he will never make enough money to buy the car he wants. It may mean the child who knows that it is impossible for him to attend college—he may not even set this up as a goal but what he resents is knowing and feeling that it is a totally unrealistic ambition.

These are frustrations that society creates and they can often be as disturbing as the frustrations that are emotionally aroused by a lack of inner security. Both types of frustrations, which so often lead to an explosion, can result in behaviour that is defiant and destructive.

Sociologists and anthropologists, as well as many other people, have clearly defined the difficulty which adolescents in a changing society—especially male adolescents—must face in making the transition from behaving as a child to behaving as an adult. In modern life, but depending very much on the particular culture, the child is supposed to become emancipated from his parents' power. But the exact time, the manner and the nature of such emancipation is uncertain and thus may become a source of anger or dispute within the family.

Formerly, in India, China, Japan or Ireland, for example, the authority of the parent, for better or for worse, continued until death. The end of a child's adolescence did not mean a change in this authority. There was little conflict: parents made all the decisions during their lifetime and children abided by them.

Some primitive societies provide for the transition from childhood to adulthood by puberty rites. Once an adolescent in such a culture has undergone this ceremony he is entitled to assume the status of manhood. His life has been divided for him. Before the rite, he was a child, after it, a man. Perhaps the child remains emotionally confused but he has a far clearer idea of what is expected of him.

Today, even in societies that once specified the moment of manhood very precisely, there is no such distinct passage. The role of the adolescent is ambiguous and confused. The origin of the storm and stress in growing up can often be found in each culture's definition of childhood, adulthood or manhood. In many parts of the world, the definition of manhood has become less and less clear. The old images of a man as a warrior and protector, the sole provider of food and shelter, and the infallible father, have become blurred.

We do not always agree on what "masculinity" means, so it is inevitable that many children, groping towards manhood, reflect our confusion.

There are many ambivalences in the daily life of the adolescent. Too often there is a confusing discrepancy between what adults instruct him to do and what the youngster himself sees them do. In one instance, he may be punished or threatened for telling a lie; at the same time he is very much aware that his parents practise small deceits themselves, and sometimes triumphantly, as in the case of evading taxes or traffic fines. To the child, therefore, it may often seem that there is no real right and wrong, only a great difference in what adults can get away with and children cannot.

Sociologists, anthropologists and educators have traced many complex problems in human behaviour to intense industrialization and the resulting growth of big cities or urbanization. There is a frightening freedom for people who live in big cities, divorced from the traditional values and familiar standards that shaped their lives. Very often, they are anonymous and alone, cut off from the familiar smaller society from which they came.

The word *anomie*, a condition first defined by the French sociologist Emile Durkheim, means simply "without norms" and refers to the breakdown in the traditional order, to the default in "norms" and regulations based on past authority. It has also been interpreted as meaning the particular dilemma which occurs when people feel there ought to be guidance and it is lacking or when the individual must cope with conflicting demands that cannot be satisfied simultaneously.

Very often people who move to a big city, and even those who have lived there for a long time, find themselves living in a curious limbo. Sometimes, newcomers to a city neighbourhood discover they are in the midst of a confusing, formless new culture which requires that they change radically or else stick together and risk being identified as an unwelcomed minority open to hostility or even attack. The young are particularly vulnerable to *anomie* and in many instances the juvenile gang is a comfort, a solution and an escape. The gang at least offers a sense of "belonging" and a set of meaningful values when nothing else does.

ASIDE from *anomie*, it has been pointed out very often that an industrialized society, for all its obvious benefits, brings hazards into our lives that we often do not suspect or recognize. Sociologists have made many studies of the type of work that consists only of pressing buttons and pulling levers or switches, throughout the entire working day, year after year. The assembly line hardly offers a man a sense of joy or fulfillment in his work. He has no commitment, no sense of achievement, no pride in craftsmanship and no sense of social purpose. A farmer, a cabinet maker or a tailor need not envy him.

For a young boy who can look forward only to many years of this sort of monotony, delinquency can often serve as the best and most exciting sort of protest against a dreary and unacceptable future. The child who feels this way might not even believe that an education could prepare him for a more genuine or meaningful life. But traditional formal education has become meaningless and abstract to many pupils throughout the world.

A sociologist defined this feeling as follows: "Now with formal learning available for nearly everyone, the relation between schooling and future work is at best indirect, and at worst, completely incomprehensible. What do

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The creation of cities may often make life more bearable for many people in some ways while depriving them in different respects. An outstanding example of what may happen when people are suddenly deprived of their traditions is brought out in a report from one African country that states: "An important factor in producing 'criminal behaviour' is culture conflict. This discontinuity is seen in the movements of hundreds of thousands of Bantus from their villages to the cities, where a new set of physical and personal associations surround the individual. There is a breakdown in primary controls that follows detribalization with the introduction of cash economy, accelerated mobility, personal anonymity and leisure-time pursuits. Unaccustomed to making such complex decisions, the African commits some infractions as he loses his way in the maze of laws and regulations."

When normal values and traditions break down, and cannot be so easily replaced, let alone retained. it is often the adolescents who feel the most stress. It has been said that the social problem of one generation is a psychological problem for the next.

In Japan, the *taiyozuku* are not the children of refugees or the very poor, they have not been physically displaced or asked to make the drastic adjustments that must face many Africans. But their behaviour shows how much they, too, are victims of change. Children of the wealthy upper-class echelon, they frequently find little meaning in life and no purpose except for their short-lived, impulsive and often malicious pleasures. Much as their European or American counterparts, they live for the moment.

One possible factor in their behaviour is the history of Japan since the end of the Second World War. Here is a country that has absorbed such a melange of Western ideas and influences with so much speed that the revered and stable concepts of behaviour have been threatened and, in many families, discarded, even if not willingly.

Because there has been an unusual upheaval in Japan —and an upheaval of a very complex nature—one of the consequences is the phenomena of juvenile delinquency, in a country where it was little known before. In the case of societies undergoing modernization, it is often the rate —the degree of acceleration—of these changes much more than the changes themselves that has to be taken into account.

Understanding and appreciating the viewpoints of the specialists on the subject of juvenile delinquency, can lead us to many conclusions. One should always be kept in mind: delinquency is not one type of behaviour exclusively, but rather a range of many types. There is not one cause for it but rather a sequence of interlocking factors in the child's life that can provoke it. Different factors sometimes can result in the same type of delinquent behaviour; on the other hand, different kinds of delinquent behaviour are often caused by the same factors.

The full report of the inquiry by Professor William C. Kvaraceus will be published in a forthcoming Unesco study "Juvenile Delinquency: A Problem for the Modern World."

The lure of juvenile gangs

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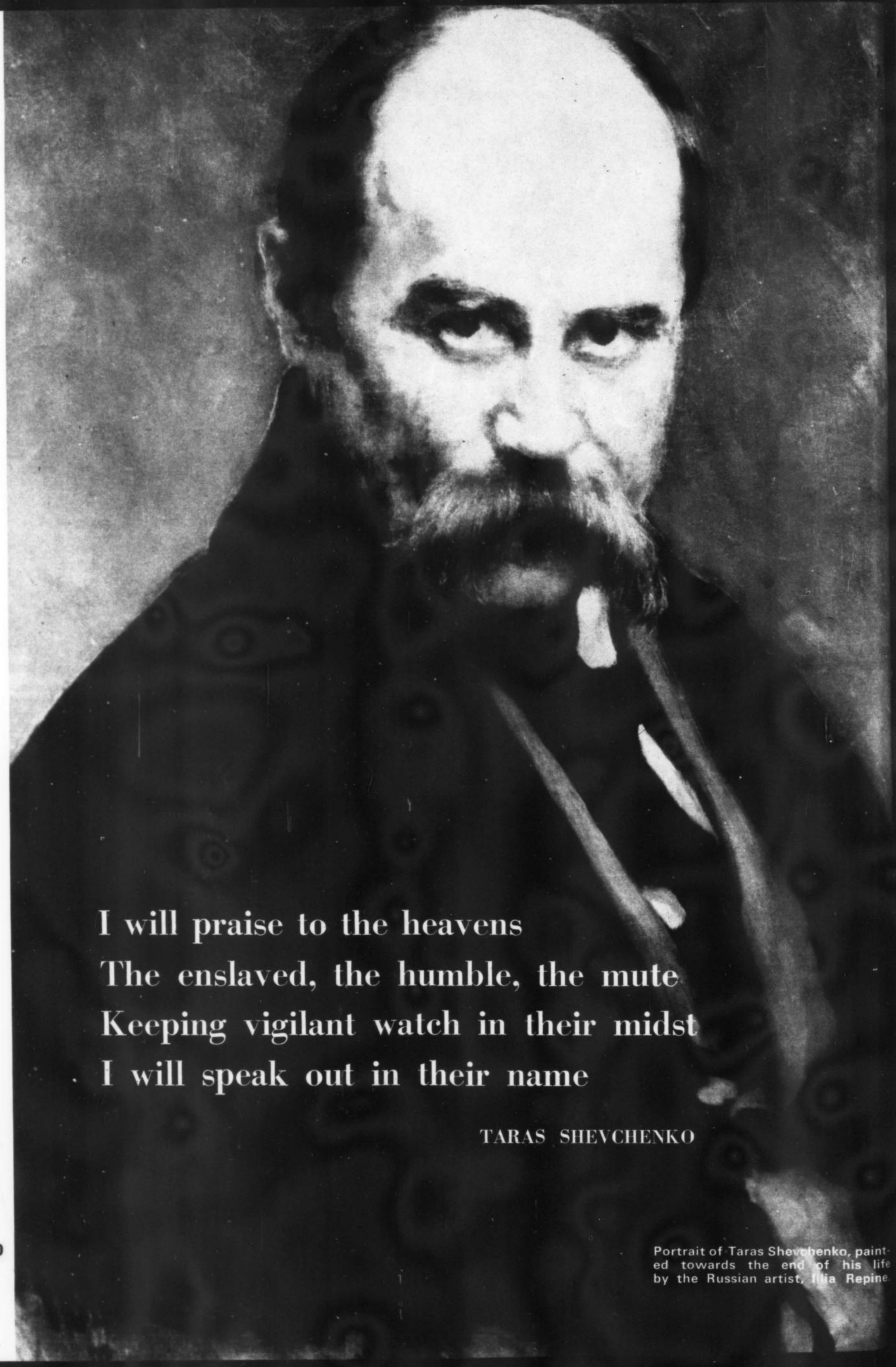
Because there has been an unusual upheaval in Japan —and an upheaval of a very complex nature—one of the consequences is the phenomena of juvenile delinquency, in a country where it was little known before. In the case of societies undergoing modernization, it is often the rate —the degree of acceleration—of these changes much more than the changes themselves that has to be taken into account.

Understanding and appreciating the viewpoints of the specialists on the subject of juvenile delinquency, can lead us to many conclusions. One should always be kept in mind: delinquency is not one type of behaviour exclusively, but rather a range of many types. There is not one cause for it but rather a sequence of interlocking factors in the child's life that can provoke it. Different factors sometimes can result in the same type of delinquent behaviour; on the other hand, different kinds of delinquent behaviour are often caused by the same factors.

The full report of the inquiry by Professor William C. Kvaraceus will be published in a forthcoming Unesco study "Juvenile Delinquency: A Problem for the Modern World."



I will praise to the heavens
The enslaved, the humble, the mute
Keeping vigilant watch in their midst
I will speak out in their name

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Portrait of Taras Shevchenko, painted towards the end of his life by the Russian artist, Illia Repine.

REBEL WITH A CAUSE

by Dmitro Pavlychko

One hundred and fifty years ago, the great Ukranian poet and painter, Taras Shevchenko, was born near Kiev (see "The Unesco Courier," July-August 1961). Shevchenko gave his talents and his life to the cause of an oppressed people. To commemorate Shevchenko's birth, "The Unesco Courier" tells on the following pages the story of this poet of courage, and presents extracts from his poems, his diary and his novel, "The Painter", and reproductions of some of his drawings and paintings. Freed from serfdom at the age of 24, Shevchenko became a celebrated portrait painter in St. Petersburg. But he never forgot the humiliations suffered by the people of the Ukraine and in his poems he castigated the Czarist tyranny. After ten years of exile in Central Asia he returned to St. Petersburg, where he died at the age of 47. In his lifetime only 17 of his poems were published. Today translations have been made in 42 languages of more than 200 of his poems and of his novel and these works are now known across the world.

It happened on April 25, 1838 in St. Petersburg, in the home of Karl Brüllov, "the prince of painters." A stocky youth, with reddish hair, called Taras Shevchenko had just received from the poet Zhukovsky a document for which the sum of 2,500 roubles had been paid. It was an expensive piece of crested paper on which the feudal lord, Engelhardt, had written: ". . . this man Shevchenko is hereby free to choose whichever way of life he wishes."

Until then Shevchenko had been Englehardt's property, his serf, whom he had long tried to turn into his lackey. But he failed, for as Shevchenko wrote later: "To tame a Cossack child is like trying to tame a fleet-footed deer in the wilds of Lapland." Having discovered a talent for painting in his rebellious young Cossack, the feudal lord apprenticed him to a despotic hack painter, hoping thereby to acquire a household painter of his own.

It so happened that the young man's talent made a great impression on Karl Brüllov who, with the help of several other Russian artists and men of letters, raised the money to buy Shevchenko's freedom. The price that was paid—2,500 roubles—was a staggering sum, since according to reviews of that time forty roubles would buy an entire family, including a skilled coachmaker.

"Whichever way of life . . . ?" Shevchenko thought he had chosen his way of life long ago, and forever. He had already chosen it when, as a tattered and hungry orphan, he wandered from one Ukrainian village to another in search of somebody who would teach him to paint. Painting—that was his aim in life. And now, as he stood before the "divine" Karl Brüllov, he already imagined himself a student of the Academy of Fine Arts. He was not even discouraged at the thought that the great Brüllov had graduated from this Academy at the age of 17, while he was already twenty-four. Now at last he had gained the freedom for which he had longed for so many years and he felt that the prospects open to a free man were boundless. This was the happiest day in Shevchenko's life.

And yet this day also marked the beginning of the tragedy that was to torment the future poet throughout his life. Shevchenko's personal freedom always seemed to be in constant conflict with the strongest of all his emotions—his love for his own people, still living in a state of slavery. An honest man cannot feel free if his people continue to languish in captivity. There can be no individual freedom if that freedom is enjoyed by one man alone.

This tragic conflict only became fully apparent later when as a student Shevchenko returned to the Ukraine in 1843 having meantime tasted of all the joys of a free life. How he had changed during those fifteen years of absence from his loved Ukraine! And the Ukraine? She also had changed. She had suffered bitterly during all those years and the Czarist chains had eaten deeper into her flesh.

Shevchenko dedicated to the Ukraine his first little book of poems, *The Kobzar* (1), which was published in St. Petersburg in 1840. These poems showed that Taras had never forgotten his people. The memory of the Ukraine had been constantly with him even amongst the roofs of the capital which he painted while "studying" with Shiriayev (a guild-master of painting and fresco decoration) and in Brüllov's studio where, instead of making drawings of Greek gods, he wrote poems about Ukrainian maidens and rebels and about "what happened in the Ukraine in bygone days."

But now that he saw his enslaved people again, he realized that they were enjoying but little admiration, respect or sympathy from anyone. He must find the right words to rouse

(1) Player of the *kobza*, an Ukrainian musical instrument resembling a guitar.

CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE

them to the great struggle for freedom. And so Shevchenko the romantic became Shevchenko the realist.

In St. Petersburg in 1844 he wrote an explosive poem, *The Dream*, powerful enough to shake the palaces of the mighty on the Neva embankment. *The Dream* was Shevchenko's first truly revolutionary poem. It expresses all his innermost feelings and convictions: his grief as a Ukrainian, the indignation of his social conscience, his love of life and the caustic bitterness of a man who prefers death to slavery.

No one, before or after Shevchenko, has drawn so complete and true a picture of the Russian Empire of the czars as he, no one has ridiculed as he did its mendacious and sham magnificence or penetrated so deeply into the hearts of the enslaved peasant masses and the minds of the city slum-dwellers. No one had spoken so simply and sincerely in their name. Shevchenko tore the shroud of hypocrisy from the Russian monarchy, and revealed exploitation, and lawlessness, vice and chauvinism, stupidity and falsehood.

We know that many writers tried to strike a death blow at the regime. But no one has succeeded so well as Shevchenko:

"I watch: the czar comes close
To him who is of highest rank
And whops him on the nose! . . .
Poor fellow, he just licked his lips
And poked him right in the pot
The next in line! . . . Then that one gave
A smaller fish a clout;
That one punched still a smaller fish,
And he—still smaller fry,
Until the smallest at the end
Got theirs and opened wide
The palace gates, and poured outside
Into the city streets
To put the boots to common folks;
Then those began to screech
And holler fit to wake the dead:
'Our little father deigns to play!
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray !'
I laughed out loud, and that was all;
I own, in the melee
I too got banged."

Shevchenko indeed "got banged": he was sentenced to ten years' exile.

Though by no means the first of his country's notable writers, Shevchenko was certainly the true founder of Ukrainian literature; under his pen the full wealth of the Ukrainian language and its every nuance find expression in works that speak of universal ideals.

The full breadth of Shevchenko's vision is apparent in one curious episode of his life. Having returned from exile and being impatient to begin serious work again, he was preparing his tryptich—*Fate*, *The Muse* and *Glory*. He then met, at the beginning of 1858, in the *salon* of Count Feodor Tolstoy, an American Negro tragedian, Ira Aldridge, who was on a theatrical tour in St. Petersburg.

The two men soon became almost inseparable friends. In the evenings Shevchenko would visit Aldridge in his dressing room at the theatre and, in the afternoon, the actor would sit for his portrait in Shevchenko's wretched little room.

This brief but moving friendship between a man who had been a serf in his youth and another who had belonged to an enslaved race was itself a simple everyday expression of the great human ideals that inspired the struggle of the Ukrainian poet who wrote:

"Will justice for man ever come? It must, it [must.
The sun will rise and scorch all evil,
And then the dawn will come."

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12 *DMITRO PAVLYCHKO, a well-known young Ukranian poet, is a writer on the staff of the literary monthly "October" in Lvov.*

Right, "Council of the Elders" in a Ukrainian village (etching, 1844). Below, the central, seated figure in the same group. All Shevchenko's artistic work is filled, as are his poems, with his affection for the Ukraine. He painted the beauty of its vast landscapes, depicted its ancient customs and expressed his hatred of the tyranny to which his people were subjected.

DELIGHTS

A page from the

ONLY feeble minds live on hope", said the late Gœthe. But the words spoken by the wise Gœthe are only partly true. Hope is a characteristic of all minds, the mediocre and the great alike, and even of the most realistic, down-to-earth minds. Hope is our nurse and the most affectionate and constant of lovers, faithful to the end. It flatters the credulous imagination of the all-powerful czar and the famous sage, of the impoverished labourer and of someone as poor and wretched as myself; and it lulls our doubting minds to sleep by recounting wonderful fairy-tales which all of us believe spontaneously (though not unconsciously).

It is indeed a feeble mind which believes that pears can grow on willow-trees. Yet why should I not believe that I shall be in St. Petersburg, even though it may be winter time, and that I will again see those familiar faces so dear to me, my splendid Academy, the Hermitage Museum, which I

OF THE ENGRAVER'S ART

diary of Shevchenko, June 26, 1857

have yet to visit, and that I will go to the opera, the resplendent, entrancing opera.

Oh, how sweet it is to believe in such a marvellous future. I would be no more than a cold and unfeeling atheist if I did not believe in hope, this wonderful, spell-binding god.

Here is how I have decided to arrange my life, with my friends' help, of course. First of all I must no longer think about painting. To do so would be like believing that pears grow on willow trees. Already, in the past, I was never an outstanding painter, and thus even less so today. The greatest virtuoso may become a common or garden balalaika player if he lets ten years go by without practising his art. So I had better give up any idea of painting.

I hope, though, to devote myself entirely to engraving. I believe that to achieve this goal I must limit my daily needs to strict essentials and concentrate entirely on the study of this art. Meanwhile I will make sepia copies of famous works for future engravings. I think that two years' study will be enough.

Next, I will return to my beloved Ukraine where life is so pleasant, and there I will start work on my engravings. The first will be "The Barracks", after Teniers. My immortal Master, the great Karl Brüllov, said that people would willingly come all the way from America just to glimpse that masterpiece. And you can rely on the judgement of a great man like Brüllov.

I now prefer engraving to all other fine arts. And not without reason. A good engraver spreads what is educational and beautiful throughout the community. His work is of value to men and pleasing to God. The engraver's is the finest and noblest calling that exists. How many works of art which are only accessible to the rich would moulder in little-known galleries were it not for the engraver's miraculous needle: a divine calling indeed.

THE SHORE OF EXILE

by Roger Caillois

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IN 1847 Taras Gregorevich Shevchenko was thirty-three years old. Some time had elapsed since he had passed from serfdom to freedom and from obscurity to fame. His future was now assured; but his nature was such that he could not accept the prospect of his own personal success while an endless horizon of misery and slavery faced the people of Kirillovka and Mornitz (the villages where he was born and raised) and beyond them, the inhabitants of countless other villages and towns throughout the Ukraine and perhaps even beyond the frontiers of Ukraine itself.

He could not abide the thought that those he loved should continue to suffer the degradation he himself had known during his childhood. He joined a secret revolutionary group and animated its members with the impassioned poems of sedition which poured from his pen. Seized and arrested, he soon found himself impounded into the army as a private and shipped off in exile to the far-off military fortresses beyond the Urals in central Asia.

Before turning this page, let me pause here for a moment to try to visualize the effect of such an event on the mature and celebrated figure that Shevchenko had become. He had achieved what had once seemed to him an impossible dream by graduating from the Academy of Fine Arts; he was an habitué of the notable salons of St. Petersburg, a poet and a painter. Suddenly there he was thrust into the ruthless, brutal world of the army and the mire and filth of military barracks.

"A child shaped like a cube." This was the strange phrase Shevchenko once applied to himself. At the present moment in his life he seems not only to have the hard form of a cube but, carved as it were in an adamantine, unpliable substance, its rock-like solidity as well. He appears as stubborn now as he was in his early childhood when he would trek across the Ukrainian countryside till he dropped with fatigue or sleep in order to reach the pillars of iron, behind the mountain, which propped up the sky. Not only had he tumbled back into servitude and isolation after only a brief interlude of happiness and independence but by order of Czar Nicolas I he was forbidden either to write or paint—one of the most ignoble forms of tyranny and oppression against artistic and literary creation.

For Shevchenko the order to abandon brush and pen was well-nigh unbearable but at least he was never forced to paint or write in glorification of a regime which persecuted him. In any event he soon began to write again in secret.

The following year, 1848, the Russian general, A.I. Butakov set about equipping a large scientific expedition to

explore the flora and fauna of the Aral Sea—a vast though not very deep expanse of salt water set in the midst of the desert. Because of his skill at drawing Shevchenko was asked to join the expedition. Soon one thousand five hundred horse-drawn wagons called telegas were crossing the Kara Kum wastelands. They carried everything needed including a dismantled schooner.

I can well imagine what that month-long journey must have been like; men struggling against such heavy sandstorms that young faces rapidly developed the furrows of old age. On the dunes which stretched ahead like ocean waves, on the brain-like, coral-like sinuosities, nothing grew but sedge and wormwood, dwarf saxifrage and desert acacia, an armour-plated vegetation, tough, thorny and hostile.

Yet when the waters of the melting snow receded there was a brief multicoloured explosion of swift budding tulips and sudden poppies. It is not hard to picture the unexpected delight which these short-lived flowers, blossoming in the barren landscape, brought to the painter, to the poet exiled far from the green banks of the gentle Dnieper where for so long the land had belonged to man that it undulated with the burial mounds rising over his bones.

Sketches and water-colours followed one another in

Sunset on the edge of the Aral Sea. This water-colour was painted by Shevchenko on September 25, 1848, in the camp of the scientific expedition which he accompanied to the Aral Sea. Shevchenko recorded the desolate scenery of this vast region in innumerable drawings and wrote many of his finest poems here. Left, a Cossack horseman : A water-colour which was painted in 1848 or 1849, as Shevchenko crossed Central Asia, making towards the Aral Sea.

rapid succession. They were both works of art and scientific documents, and included contour outlines of hills and surveys of terrain. For these too are a way man gains mastery over new lands, identifies and describes new species of plants and animals and helps to complete the record and inventory of the planet we live on and the riches it contains.

I have by no means seen all the drawings made by Shevchenko in exile. I do not even know if they have all been preserved or if many of them have been lost. No matter. I like to think that we owe to him the first picture of the rare salmon found only in the Aral Sea, or that of the elegant cardium, a heart-shaped shell-fish which, by who knows what mysterious way, left the Mediterranean to proliferate in this land-locked lake.

During the winter on the island of Kos-Aral, Shevchenko wrote poem after poem. Many of his most powerful and original verses were written there. Then, at Orenburg and Novopetrov, even though he was once more subject to the harshest conditions, came his best prose works, especially his *Diary*.

No sign of despair ever appears in its pages. I believe that when on August 2 1859, he left Novopetrov, he was happy not only because he was returning home, but also because be had turned adversity and solitude into a rich human experience.

Even when conditions were most trying he refused to be discouraged. Instead he simply turned out more and more work. With his drawings of cliffs and hills and a thousand sketches of various kinds he contributed in his way, at the distant end of the earth to which tyranny had exiled him and because an enlightened general gave him a chance, to the advancement of a science which must certainly have seemed strange and foreign to him, namely, geography. One cannot always choose the alphabet of one's message.

A philosopher has observed that man would not today be what he is had not his caveman ancestor determined to bequeath to his descendants a better world than the one he had inherited. Every generation is in the same situation and is subject to the same unspoken law. In Shevchenko, we honour not only the painter and the poet but also one of the resolute pioneers who have truly understood this prime and permanent duty of man.

BY THE ARAL SEA

Beneath an unwashed sky
The sullen waves sleep on
And though no wind stirs
Far off, above the shore
Rushes bob and sway
As if in a tipsy dance
How much longer must I wither
By this sombre, dismal sea?
Though the faded grass is silent
On the steppe it bows and bends
Like a feeling, living soul
But the withering grass won't talk
It will never tell the truth
And there's no one here, except the grass
To be questioned on our fate.

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Self-portrait of Taras Shevchenko in 1850. The Ukranian poet and painter was then aged 35 and living in exile at Orenbur, where he was allowed some measure of freedom. A few months later, by order of the Czar, he was interned in the Caspian Sea fortress of Novopetrovsk.

If you but knew

by Taras Shevchenko

Young gentlemen, if you but knew
Where people weep their whole life through
You'd not compose your rhapsodies
And God for nothing you'd not praise—
And mock our tears and twit the truth.
The tranquil cottage in the grove
You call a paradise, I know.
In such a cottage once I dwelt
And there my first hot tears were spilt,
My early tears! I know no vice,
No wrong nor evil anywhere
That's not within that cottage fair...
And yet they call it paradise!
I do not speak of that wee house
Beside the village, by the copse,
As though 'twere paradise on earth.
'Twas there my mother gave me birth
And, singing as her child she nursed,
She passed her pain to me... 'Twas there,
In that wee house, that Eden fair,
That I saw hell... There people slave
Without a let-up night and day.
Not even given time to pray.
In that same village to her grave
My gentle mother, young in years,
Was laid by toil and want and cares.
There father, weeping with his brood
(And we were tiny, tattered tots),
Could not withstand his bitter lot
And died at work in servitude!...
And we—we scattered where we could
Like little field mice. I to school—
To carry water for the class.
My brothers slaved on the estate
And then, conscripted, marched away!
And you, my sisters! Fortune has
Reserved for you the cruellest fate!
What is the purpose of your life?
Your youth in service slipped away,
Your locks in servitude turn grey,
In service, sisters, you will die!
My blood runs cold when I recall
That cottage in the village fair!

(Taken from: "Taras Shevchenko— Selections", translated by John Weir, published by "The Ukrainian Canadian", Toronto)

ENCOUNTER ON A SUMMER NIGHT

Extract from Shevchenko's novel "The Painter"

In 1856 while exiled to the fortress of Novopetrovsk on the Caspian Sea, Shevchenko wrote a novel entitled "The Painter". It was a largely autobiographical work and described how a young serf with ambitions to become an artist finally won his freedom, as did Shevchenko, helped by the painter, Karl Brüllov and the poet Vassili Zhukovsky. The following extract from "The Painter" is taken from "Taras Shevchenko-Selections", translated by John Weir, and published by "The Ukrainian Canadian", 1961.

In St. Petersburg I nearly always pass the summer nights out on the street or somewhere on the islands, or more often yet, on the riverside walk. Especially do I like the place where the Neva is calm and like a gigantic mirror reflects to the tiniest detail the majestic portico of the Rumyantsev Museum, a corner of the Senate and the scarlet curtains in the home of Countess Laval.

In the long winter nights the dwelling is lit up inside and the scarlet curtains flame like a fire against the dark background, and I am always annoyed that the Neva is then covered with ice and snow and therefore the decoration loses its true effect.

In the summertime I also like to meet the sunrise on Troitsky Bridge. A marvellous, majestic picture.

In a genuinely artistic painting there is something that is more charming and beautiful than nature itself—the uplifted spirit of the artist, his divine creativeness. On the other hand, there are such wonderful phenomena in nature before which the poet-artist bows to the earth and can only give thanks to the Creator for such a thrilling moment of rapture.

I often admire Shchedrin's landscapes (1) and especially was I captivated by his small painting, "Portichi Before Sunset." A fascinating work! But it has never fascinated me so much as does the view of Viborg from Troitsky Bridge just before sunrise.

One time, having enjoyed to the brim this picture, which was not painted by the hand of man, I walked over to the Summer Gardens for a rest. Whenever I happen to be in the Summer Gardens, I never stop on any of the alleys which are ornamented with marble statues: those statues make the worst kind of impression on me, especially the ugly Saturn gobbling up his equally hideous offspring. I always pass by those clumsy gods and goddesses and sit down to rest beside a pool from where I can admire the beautiful granite vase and the majestic architecture of the Mikhaïlovsky castle.

Nearing the place where the main alley is crossed by a smaller one, and where Saturn, surrounded by gods and goddesses, is depicted devouring his child, I almost stumbled over a living person in a soiled smock of twill who was sitting on a bucket directly opposite Saturn.

I halted. The boy (for he was really but a lad of fourteen or fifteen) looked around and began to hide something inside his shirt-front. I came closer and asked what he was doing there.

"I'm not doing anything," he replied bashfully. "I'm on my way to work and I stepped into the park on the way." Then, after a moment's silence, he added: "I was drawing."

"Show me what you drew."

He pulled out a quarto of grey stationery from his shirt-front and shyly handed it to me. On the sheet the outline of Saturn had been copied quite faithfully.

I held the drawing in my hands for a long time and feasted my eyes on the smudged face of the author. There was something attractive in his thin,

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(1) *The Russian painter, Sylvester Shchedrin* (1790-1830).

CONT'D ON PAGE 20

Portrait of Elizabeth Keikoutova. Oil painting, 1847, Kiev Museum Coll.

Portrait of Mme Gorlenko. Oil painting, 1846-47. Kiev Museum.

THE POETRY OF FACES

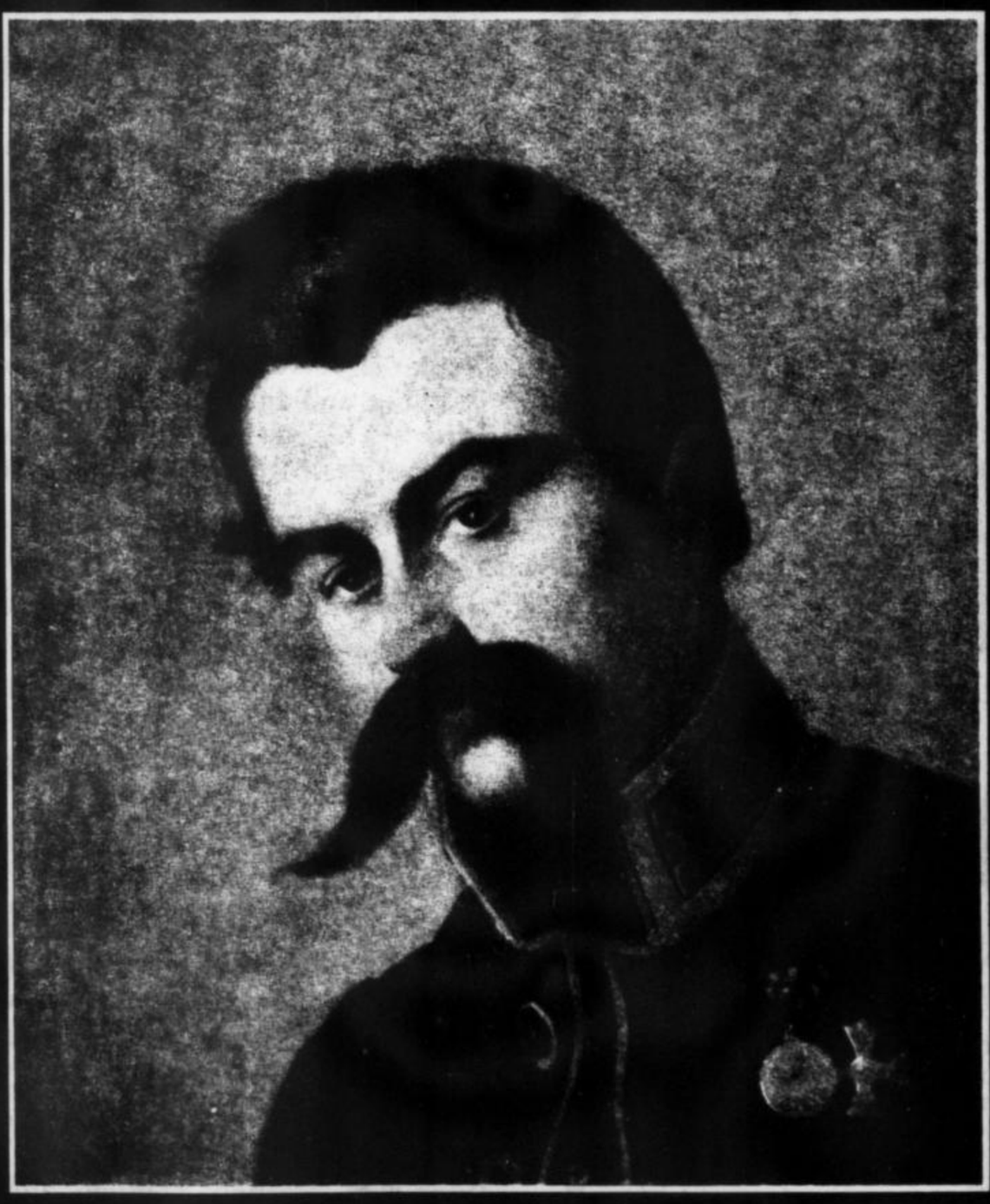
All the works by Shevchenko reproduced on pages 12 to 19 are taken from "Taras Shevchenko", a series of volumes compiled jointly by the Institute of Ethnography and Folklore and the Shevchenko Museum in Kiev, and published by the Ukraine Academy of Sciences (1961-1963).

Portrait of a young man, Potalemon Koulich. Unfinished oil painting, 1847.

An ancient church in the Ukraine. Water-colour, 1851.

Shevchenko illustrated his collection of Ukrainian poems, " Kobzar ", with paintings like the one shown below. The kobzars, wandering minstrels or bards, like this blind man accompanied by a boy, travelled from village to village playing a kind of lute, the kobza.

Right, portrait painted by Shevchenko in the southern Urals in 1845.



APN

A self-portrait of Karl Brüllov, the "prince of painters", as he was named by Shevchenko. A portrait painted by Brüllov raised the money needed to buy Shevchenko's freedom from serfdom. Shevchenko expressed all the admiration he felt for Karl Brüllov in his novel, "The Painter".

irregular features, especially in his eyes, which were intelligent and meek as a maiden's.

"Do you often come here to draw?" I asked him.

"Every Sunday," he answered, "and if we happen to be working close by, I come on weekdays too."

"You are training for a house painter?"

"Also fine painting," he added.

"To whom are you apprenticed?"

"To Shirayev, the mural painter."

I wanted to question him in greater detail, but he picked up the bucket with yellow paint in one hand and a large yellow brush that had been wiped dry in the other and started to leave.

"Where are you hurrying so?"

"To work. I'm late already and when the master comes, I'll catch it."

"Come to see me Sunday morning, and if you have any drawings you did yourself, bring them to show me."

"Fine, I'll come, but where do you live?"

I wrote my address down right on his drawing and we parted.

Early on Sunday morning I returned from an all-night promenade and in the hallway before the door of my apartment I was met by my new acquaintance, no longer in a soiled smock of twill but in something resembling a frock-coat of a brown colour, and with a roll of paper in his hand.

I greeted him and extended my hand to him. He sprang to my hand and attempted to kiss it. I snatched away my hand: I was embarassed by his slavishness. Without a word I went into my apartment while he remained in the hallway. I took off my coat, put on a smock, lighted a cigar, and he still hadn't entered the room. I walked out in to the corridor and looked about, but my friend had disappeared; I went downstairs and asked the caretaker whether he had seen such a person. "I saw him," said he, "a young fellow with papers in his hand, he ran out to the street." I went out to the street but found no trace of him.

A sadness came upon me as though I had lost something dear to me. I was dispirited all week until the following Sunday and couldn't figure out what the sudden flight of my friend could have meant. When Sunday arrived at last, I went to Troitsky Bridge at two o'clock in the morning and after enjoying the sunrise I went to the Summer Gardens, traversed all the alleys—but my friend was nowhere about.

I was on the point of going home when I remembered the Belvedere Apollo, that is, the parody of the Belvedere god that stands by itself right beside Moika street. I went there—and there was my friend. Seeing me, he stopped drawing and blushed to the ears like a child caught stealing cookies. I took him by his trembling hand and led him like an offender to the pavilion and in passing ordered the tavern waiter to bring us tea.

I showed my friend all the kindness I knew how and when he calmed down I asked him why he had run away from the hallway.

"You were angry with me and I got scared," he replied.

"To be angry with you was the farthest from my mind," I told him, "but your grovelling was unpleasant to me. Only a dog licks hands, a human being should not do it." This strong expression so affected my friend that he seized my hand again. I laughed and he turned red as a lobster and stood silent with his head bowed.

After drinking our tea we parted. At parting I told him that he must call on me without fail either this very day or next Sunday.

I have seen my new acquaintance only three times and already I am drawn to him, I have become attached to him, I have developed a liking for him. And truly, there is something in his features that you can't help liking. His physiognomy, which seemed homely at first, as time went on appeared more and more attractive. After all, there are such fortunate faces on the earth!

I went directly home so that my friend shouldn't have to wait in the hallway. I walked up the stairs and there he was already, in that same brown frock-coat, washed, combed and smiling.

"You're quite the nimble-foot," I said, "for you stopped over at your quarters on the way, didn't you? How did you manage to do it so quickly?"

"Well," he answered, "I hurried to be home when the master returned from Mass."

"Why, is your master strict?" I inquired.

"Strict and..."

"And cruel, is that what you meant to say?"

"No, I was going to say that he is a skinflint. He would beat me but actually he would be glad that I was too late to have dinner."

We entered the room. On my easel was a copy I had done of a painting by Velasquez that was on exhibition at the Stroganov Gallery, and his eyes fastened on it. I took the roll from his hands and began to inspect it. Everything that disfigures the Summer Gardens was there, from the saccharinely smiling goddesses to the hideous "Phraclitus" (1) and Heraclitus.

What struck me about these not-at-all-poor outlines was their remarkable similarity to the originals, especially the sketches of "Phraclitus" and Heraclitus. They were more expressive and, truth to tell, uglier than the originals, but nevertheless you couldn't look at the drawings without being moved.

The famous Nevsky Prospect in St. Petersburg (19th century engraving). This broad avenue crossed the city —now Leningrad— from east to west, in a vast bend of the River Neva.
© Roger Viollet

I was glad at heart over my discovery. At that time the idea didn't even come to my mind to ask myself what I would do with my diamond in the rough in view of my more than limited resources. Actually, the thought did cross my mind even then, but was immediately set aside with the proverb: "God is not without mercy, and a Cossack is not without luck."

"Why don't you have a single drawing with shadings?" I asked, returning the roll to him.

"I drew all those sketches early in the morning, before sunrise."

"So you have never seen them in the light?"

"I've gone to look at them in the daytime, but you can't draw then, with the people walking about."

"What do you intend to do now: stay and have dinner with me, or go home?"

He was silent for a minute and then, without lifting his eyes, said almost indistinctly:

"I would rather stay, if you'll let me."

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(1) *The author probably means Democritus, the Greek philosopher.*

CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE

"And how will you square it with your master afterward?"

"I'll tell him that I was sleeping in the garret."

"Then let's go to dinner."

When we arrived there were as yet no customers at Madame Yurgens' place, of which I was very glad because it would have been annoying to have some smoothfaced bureaucrat smirking stupidly as he eyed my friend who was far from being a dandy.

After dinner I had intended to take him to the Academy and show him "The Last Day of Pompeii,"—not everything at once. After we had dined, however, I proposed that we either take a promenade on the boulevard or read a book. He chose the latter and I made him read aloud in order to test him in that subject. I fell asleep as he read the first page of Dickens' famous novel "Nicholas Nickleby," but neither the author nor the reader were to blame for this—I simply couldn't say awake because I hadn't slept the previous night.

When I awoke and went into the next room, my usually chaotic study appeared pleasant to the eye: there were no cigar butts or tobacco ashes anywhere to be seen, everything was tidied up and swept clean, even the palette, which hung on a nail with dried paints on it, was cleaned and glistened like glass; meanwhile, he who was responsible for all this harmony sat by the window, drawing the mask of Thorvaldson's (2) famous model, Fortunata.

All this was exceedingly pleasant to me. Those services clearly spoke in his favour. However, and I don't know why, I didn't show my satisfaction. I corrected the sketch he was doing, put in shadows, and then we left for the "Kapernaum" for tea. "Kapernaum" is another name for the "Berlin" tavern on the corner of the Sixth Line and the Academy Lane—that's how it was named, I believe, by Pimenov (3) during his boisterous student days.

While we were having tea, he told me the story of his life. It was a sad, mournful tale, but he told it naively and simply, without a shadow of complaint or reproach. Until that confession I had been thinking of means to improve his upbringing, but having heard the confession I even stopped thinking about it: he was a serf.

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(2) *The Danish sculptor, Bertel Thorvaldsen* (1779-1844), *author of the famous Lion Monument in Lucerne, Switzerland.*

(3) *The Russian sculptor, Nicolas Pimenov* (1812-1864).

With its bridges, canals and stretches of water among the islands on the River Neva, St Petersburg has been called "The Venice of the North". Below, a bridge over the "Simniaia Kanavka" (the little winter canal) which recalls the famous Bridge of Sighs in Venice. Left, the Summer Gardens, created for Peter the Great, which Shevchenko used as a refuge where he could practice drawing.

A.P.N. photos

Boston Museum of Fine Arts, U. S. A.

Oil painting by Degas, the French artist. This double portrait represents the Spanish guitarist, Pagans, with Degas' father sitting beside him.

The second volume in the new "Man Through His Art" series is shortly to be published. Entitled "Music", it will contain 20 reproduction plates of masterpieces from different lands. We are happy to be able to offer our readers a preview of the stimulating introduction to this second art portfolio. The series is published with Unesco's financial help, within the framework of its Major Project for East-West Understanding, and is sponsored by the World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession.

MAN THROUGH HIS ART: MUSIC

by Roger Hinks

THE distinction in kind between music and the visual arts—the one art existing in time, the other in space—is a fundamental one, and is valid in any time or place. You cannot play music or read poetry backwards, and make sense. Whereas it is indifferent whether you begin to examine a building inside or outside; or whether you look at the front of a statue first, or the back; or whether you start looking at a picture from the top right hand corner or the bottom left: the examination of the whole will take some time, but it is the spectator's own time; and the choice of the order of experience is left to him, for he is an active participant in the process of appreciation. But a poem, a play, a symphony have to be experienced in just that order; and the public has to submit, all its members responding together simultaneously.

In all countries, there are probably people who are impatient of this constraint, who claim the right to take in their own impressions, in their own time and at their own pace. Such people, perhaps, are by nature refractory to music and poetry and drama; they feel at ease only with painting, sculpture, and architecture. Yet all the while a kind of unheard, unhurrying music, echoes unendingly in the background of their minds; and they seek to fix it and point to it in the still but somehow vibrant shapes of certain works of visual art.

For there are musical pictures, just as there are unmusical ones, pictures that are positively hostile to the whole notion of music. Often enough, the least musical pictures (in our sense) are precisely those in which the persons represented are most busily engaged in "making" music, or in which musical instruments are most conspicuously displayed. In how many pictures of a musical company do we not feel that the persons involved are (as amateurs) merely displaying a polite accomplishment for the sake of social prestige, or (as professionals) exhibiting their virtuosity to an admiring, and usually self-admiring, public?

Yet there are, of course, pictures which really do, in Pater's phrase, "aspire to the condition of music:" pictures in which the music is intrinsic, emanates, almost in spite of themselves, from the men and women involved resounding, as it were, in the very pictorial texture of the piece.

Not all pictures of people "making" music are musically unconvincing: in not a few cases the artist is a sufficiently good psychologist to be able to convey by expression or gesture the rapt and self-forgetful look of those who have really lost themselves in the sounds conjured forth. For it is not difficult to judge whether the musicians are serious or not: whether they are truly absorbed in their playing and singing, or are smirking at the audience.

Or again: there are plenty of truly musical pictures that represent the pauses in the performance rather than its actual movement. In fact, many musicians, when they are being painted, prefer to be exhibited as tuning up: it exempts them from the obligation to put on an act of concentration for the spectator's benefit; and it creates the atmosphere of suspense, when music has just sounded and is soon to be heard again—that moment which is extended from the rhythm of the music itself

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Rhythm and melody in an art of silence

to the intervals between the movements.

There are indeed persons so musical that they only perfectly enjoy the intermission, because only then can they reflect in tranquility upon the emotion just past, and anticipate confidently the emotion just to come.

It is thus that one may interpret some of the most inspired renderings of musical intermissions, for example, Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre". The music hangs in the air, vibrates in the memory: for some lovers of painting and music, at least, such pictures are the most musical of all.

For pictures of music are rarely so suggestive. Painting, after all, is essentially an art of stillness: to bring in the ideal dimension of time, in which music has its being, is to invite disquiet. In seventeenth-century Holland, the music-lesson, with the fumbling beginner and the patient master, is a commoner theme than the assured performance.

The difference between the European and the non-European approach to the relations between sight and sound in the arts is hard for either to determine. The European may feel, for instance, that the Chinese and the Indians and the Persians are nearer to him in their visual expression of musical sensibility than, say, the Egyptians, the Africans, or the Pre-Columbian Americans; but he will find it hard to define exactly why this is.

No doubt where the rhythm is most marked, and the dominance of time, or duration, most absolute, the visual arts are furthest away from music, and the plastic equivalent to sound hardest to discover and to hold. One may witness, as it were, drummers drumming, harpers harping, and trumpeters trumpeting: one's experience may explain, more or less, what those drum-beats, harp-plucks, and trumpet-blasts sound like; and one's imagination does its best.

But one cannot fully sympathize, or empathize, unless the artist has managed to find a visual symbol for the musical effect: by means, for example of brilliant colour to render strident sound. The legendary blind man who felt that scarlet must be like a trumpet-blast gives again in Nicholas de Staël's "The Musicians", where the flaming reds and yellows juxtaposed with sharp blues do convey with real conviction the pungency of jazz.

Where, on the other hand, melody prevails, the rise and fall of the tune can be suggested in the flow of line; and the musical intervals in the spacing of shapes, on the purest pythagorean principles. In this sense it is meaningful to describe as "musical" certain compositions of Gothic and Renaissance architecture which are explicitly based upon the Greek philosopher's relation of number and pitch, and whose proportions may in consequence suggest the static relationship of sound and space. And since colour can be measured spectroscopically in terms of wavelengths, it is not fanciful to detect certain affinities of colour and pitch.

More plausible, however, is the contention, often made when analysing the effect of Persian miniatures, that there is a real, if empirical, connexion between the size of a patch of colour and the intensity of its tone and tint; and that melodic sequences may be easily imagined from the arrangement of coloured patches as well as from the movement of the linear pattern. These relations are, no doubt, a matter of personal feeling in the sensitive spectator, and cannot be scientifically demonstrated; but they are not necessarily the less valid for that.

Asian music, being purely melodic and free in rhythm, can be suggested by the flowing, swaying lines of the design, and its tonality may be implied by the chromatic range of the whole composition. Here at least the European is at a disadvantage: he has lost the power to respond emotionally to any modes but the major and the minor, which he still equates with "cheerful" and "sad" moods.

On the other hand, the European does respond very readily to the clear and "singing" colour of a Perian miniature, to the voluptuous movement of an Indian sculptured frieze or fresco, to the rhythmic calligraphy of a Chinese scroll, even if he knows he is missing all the overtones and associations that make them precious to the Asian mind and eye. And he knows that the richness and variety of his own musical and pictorial tradition have been purchased by the sacrifice of purity, clarity and directness.

By comparison with the art of Asia his own art has shown a certain evasiveness, a certain tendency to obliqueness in its musical analogies. But when in recent years the European artist has wished to create a permanent image of movement in time, he is forced (like Matisse) to rely upon the intermediate art of the dance, where alone music becomes visible, but whose effect is of its very nature as evanescent as music itself.

ROGER P. HINKS, *who died last year, was curator of Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, London, from* 1926 *to* 1939. *His books on the history of art include: "Carolingian Art", "Myth and Allegory in Ancient Art" and "Caravaggio".*

All orders and inquiries should be sent to the following addresses. U.K. edition: Educational Productions Ltd., East Ardsley, Wakefield, Yorkshire; school ed. 21/-, general ed. 30/-. Canadian edition : The Queen's Printer, Ottawa, Ont.; school ed. $5.00, general ed. $8.00. U.S. edition: The New York Graphic Society, Greenwich, Conn.; $7.95. For Scandinavia: International Publishing Co., Box 404, Orebro, Sweden; 45 Kr.
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The temple of Borobudor was built between 750 and 800 A. D. It consists of six superimposed terraces, the whole stucture being covered with small "stupas" (Buddhist chapels) and crowned with a central stupa 52 feet in diameter. In addition to the rows of reliefs, there are hundreds of images of the Buddha and other statues. Borobudor is the finest example of Central-Javanese art and reveals the affinities that exist between this art and the medieval art of Bengal (India). Below, detail of "Celestial Musicians". Right, lute players.

© Musée Guimet Archives, Paris - Goloubev

This sculptured group of "Celestial Musicians" (left) from the great Buddhist temple of Borobudor, Java, is a detail from a frieze which forms part of a series of reliefs depicting the life of the Buddha. The frieze shows the Buddha in heaven before he descends to earth in human form. The group is diverse, yet in complete harmony; each face and figure is like a note of music forming a melody. The figures have a gentle grace that flows like the music they are making. The relief is typical of the delicacy and tranquility of the art of Central Java between the 8th and 10th centuries A.D., which was closely linked with everyday life. In many parts of present-day Indonesia music permeates life to a remarkable degree, and religious ceremonies and theatrical performances alike take place to the sound of the Gamelan orchestra. The portfolio "Man Through His Art: Music" includes a special study on Borobudor's "Celestial Musicians".

CELESTIAL MUSICIANS OF BOROBUDOR

THE FLAGS ARE NOT

In a series of three films for TV screening entitled "The Flags Are Not Enough", the United Nations and Unesco have reported on social and economic development in the world during the present United Nations Development Decade. Since these productions were first distributed last year they have been shown on all the world's major TV networks. The three films—"Generators of Hope", "Life is Short" and "The Widening Gap"—were written and produced by Stephen Hearst and are presented with a commentary by Alistair Cooke. We publish below an adaptation of the English script of "The Widening Gap".

DURING the next half-hour another five thousand human beings will join us on this earth. Two in three will inherit a life of want. One in three a life of comfort.

Today there are many reasons why we should take a good look at the small world of ease and comfort and the huge and growing world of poverty.

Between the two there is a widening gap. It is not a gap between the rich and the very poor, but one between *all* those who have a job, a comfortable bed and reasonable health, and the rest—the two thirds of the human race that is usually sick and always close to starvation.

Many people think that the 20th century with its marvel of technology has bridged this gap, and is paving the way for everyone into a land of milk and honey. They are quite wrong. The gap is widening mainly because the rich countries are getting richer faster than the poor countries are emerging from their poverty, and for the first time in history the depressed two-thirds of the human race knows this.

One human being in three accepts clean water as a fact of life... Two others don't know what it looks or tastes like. These are simple contrasts but the two worlds they reflect are so complicated that it is not easy to explain why they grow further and further apart.

In the developed world, one farmer can feed 23 people. In the underdeveloped world, one farmer can barely feed himself. All the power generated in India could not run New York City. Two-thirds of the people on earth earn about one hundred dollars each a year. The privileged third earns one thousand dollars. Here a man strains to turn a water wheel... Elsewhere, a wheel is the symbol of speed and comfort.

Yesterday a camel driver may have thought that his was the common lot of mankind. Today he sees another world and its wealth on the move. He always *knew* he was poor. Now he *feels* poor. For the first time, he begins to wonder about his poverty. Is it his fate to be poor? What brought this about? When did it happen?

Each civilization in turn has believed itself to be the centre of the world—a great improvement on what had gone before. But all these civilizations had one thing in common: They were deeply rooted in agriculture and were thus at the mercy of drought and famine.

They had their doubters, but only among men who had gone to other parts of the world and seen other marvels. When Marco Polo returned from China to his native Venice, he felt that the superior civilization was the one he had left behind.

It was the beginning of self-doubt; and of that curiosity which set men first to roam the physical world, and then to explore and share the world of ideas. One century discovered raw materials; and the next discovered the knowledge of how to transform them. These energies combined to cleave a gap between the old agricultural societies and the new industrial ones, and then to use the old for the profit of the new. So, the gap widened. The people with the new knowledge moved ahead quickly while monuments to the old knowledge were engulfed.

Today, every part of the world is the neighbour of all the others. The flags at U.N. Headquarters proclaim that the aspirations of all men are equal. But the flags are not enough. In over a hundred countries the means are not equal, nor the training, nor the skill, nor the capital.

This is how Paul Hoffmann of the United Nations sees the situation: "Poverty and hunger were just words to me until I saw poverty and hunger in the Far East. Then and only then did I understand Gandhi's description of the life of an Indian peasant as 'an eternal compulsory fast'; and today, with exploding populations, in order to win the fight against poverty, many countries are going to have to run fast just to stand still.

"And the problem is aggravated as peasants move from poverty in the country to unemployment in the cities. Life is very marginal for these people. They are accused sometimes of being obstinate, of being unwilling to take a chance. This is not the case; they dare not take a chance.

"Even though he doesn't dare take a chance he is determined to achieve a better life for himself and his children. When I say 'he' I am talking about hundreds of millions of people in the less developed countries. What he needs is insurance against disaster as he moves to modernize his agriculture and his industry: help from his own government and help through external aid. If he gets this assistance, progress can come by peaceful evolution.

"If he doesn't get this assistance then he will be tempted to try violence. The bluntest and most accurate answer as to why we should be concerned is that we must be. Morally, we can't escape concern; politically, we can't avoid it and economically, all our interests dictate it."

The size of the job is tremendous, but the earth is tremendously rich. We have only begun to map its buried or unused resources, but we know already that there is hardly a land that could not become a developed country.

Meanwhile, the essential element of fertility and rich

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T ENOUGH

United Nations

Flags of 113 nations, the member states of the United Nations, fly at U. N. Headquarters in New York. In the background is part of the U. N. Assembly Building.

Left, hundreds of millions of people in the less-developed countries lack the means to modernize their industries and agriculture and raise their standard of living. Right, present efforts to increase industrial efficiency and to train technicians for the underdeveloped regions are only a beginning, and there is still a widening gap between the rich nations and the poor. Two shots taken from the U.N.-Unesco film, "The Widening Gap".

The widening gap

crops, water, rolls unused into the ocean. The yield of the soil is pitifully low in the very countries whose peoples live off the land.

In Latin America, 57 per cent of the people live off the land. In Asia, 73 per cent. In India, a farmer earns about 18 cents or 1s 3d a day. In Africa, three-quarters of the people grow their own crops, exactly as their ancestors did.

In simple terms, a farmer in Latin America, in Asia, in Africa produces one tenth as much as a farmer in West Europe or North America.

While the developed world, to maintain its prosperity, is caught up in the momentum of its need to produce and produce for itself—the underdeveloped world, just to stand still, requires a vast work force. But by 1970, there will be 300 million more people in the underdeveloped world—many more than primitive skills can support or feed.

How can we prevent the "explosion" of these baffled and desperate millions? How can we bring the two worlds into a sensible balance?

The United Nations has surveyed this world problem and decided that what we need is nothing less than a world effort. The U.N. General Assembly has called the 1960's the United Nations Development Decade. It has defined the needs of its economic growth and social change, from now till 1970.

We can no longer hide the contrast between the two worlds. Everywhere the messengers from the developed world are to be seen—automobiles, machinery, etc., and they mock the world still chained to the water wheel.

A man may know how a tractor works, but lack the training to mend it, and there is no magic that can give it him overnight. But there is a talisman for these people, a new word: "education." As Professor Arthur Lewis, an economist of international stature, recently put it:

"Most underdeveloped countries have nibbled at education in one way or another. For prestige reasons, quite a lot of money is going these days into universities, and quite a lot of money is going into primary education in order to wipe out illiteracy.

"Not half enough money, not a quarter enough money is going into the intermediate kinds of education. It is at that secondary level that you really staff up a society."

There is no question of forcing education on unwilling or bewildered people. They want it and will walk miles to get it. All over the underdeveloped world children are hypnotized by the word "school." Mothers start riots when the local politician fails in his promise of a school by the autumn.

Education has become a precious latch-key—the sure escape from the prison of poverty.

And there is a sad irony. In quickly developing places, the means sometimes arrive before the humans who can use them. Thus we find well-equipped laboratories but only a trickle of students. On the one hand, too few high schools to train students for the university; on the other, too few of the university students stay home—they are lured abroad by scholarships. Some buildings could well carry a warning legend: "Built at the wrong time for the wrong students."

For countless bright boys, the primary school is the end of the road. They know too much to go back to the

U.N.-Unesco photos

old life, too little to go forward to a new one. As Professor Lewis has also pointed out:

"You can't begin to tackle this problem without a very large expenditure of capital. Some of this capital can come, indeed does come, from outside. But the great bulk of it has to be found inside the countries, either from the savings of the people or from the savings of the government.

"The people save very little, partly because they haven't got the savings habit, partly because they are very poor. And therefore, in underdeveloped countries a great deal of reliance has to be placed on savings from the government, on having a level of taxes which is sufficiently high to cover the whole of the government expenditure on current account and also to make capital available for agriculture, for housing, for helping out the small manufactures with loans, and so on.

"Even in the case of countries where there is a general recognition that one should move forwards, and that moving forwards means that the great masses of the people have to be educated and given the incentive to improve themselves, some fall by the wayside because politicians find other things so much more interesting."

There is another side of the problem: the production and pricing of the crop you live by. Something as humble, say, and essential as peanuts. A country is urged to produce more; and it does; only to find that the world market is against it.

Since 1948, the underdeveloped countries have increased their farm exports by 33 per cent; but the value of these exports on the world market has gone up by only 4 per cent. This is yet another simple, sinister way in which the gap between the two worlds widens. For these countries, a fall in the price of a single crop can wipe out the value of all the foreign aid they receive. If coffee fetches less than it used to, people may be drinking it at the grower's expense.

We all know by now that developed nations *are* giving substantial aid to low-income countries. But it's often unco-ordinated and competitive.

Britain has built an artificial harbour for Ghana... There is vast and diverse French aid to West Equatorial Africa... Yugoslavia puts up a tanning factory in the Sudan in exchange for its products... The United States, Britain *and* the United Nations all help to construct the Volta Dam; and in Asia the Bahkra Dam is a monument to generous aid.

One of the Soviet Union's widespread commitments is to build a steel mill in India and train its workers. Canada helped with India's first atomic reactor. International financial help builds railways in Pakistan. In Latin America, the United States in particular has helped a whole continent into the industrial age. In the West Indies, American help replaces the slums with decent housing.

These are samples only. But all the aid so given is itself only a sample of the aid that is needed. But other people too are citizens of member states of the United Nations. What has the United Nations done for them? The honest answer is—not much, if we look at their needs. A good deal if we look at the available means. In the words of David Owen, Head of the UN's Technical Assistance Board:

"Agricultural production has been increased in many lands, schools have been started and thousands of young people who would otherwise have had no education have been provided for. Industrial efficiency has been improved, trade for new industries has been increased, and the health and vitality of a vast number of peoples throughout the world has been transformed."

This is on the plus side. But it is hardly a beginning. It is not that we are ignorant about the immensity and

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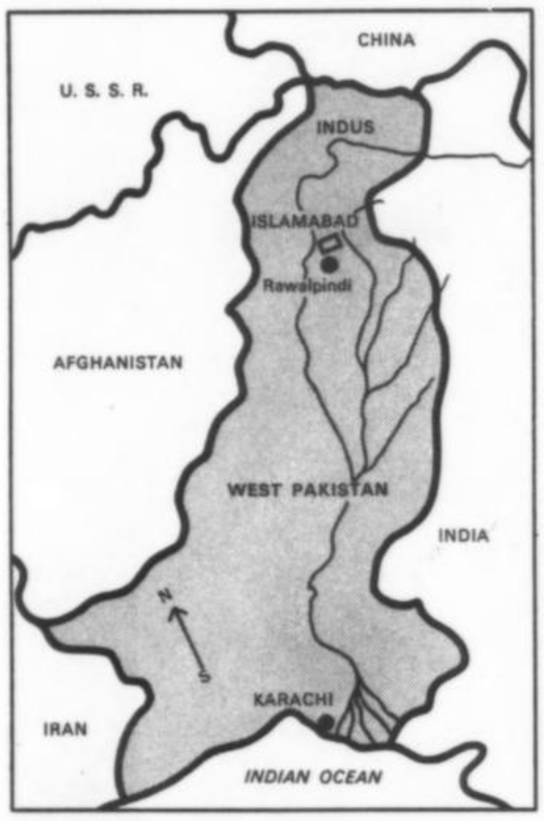
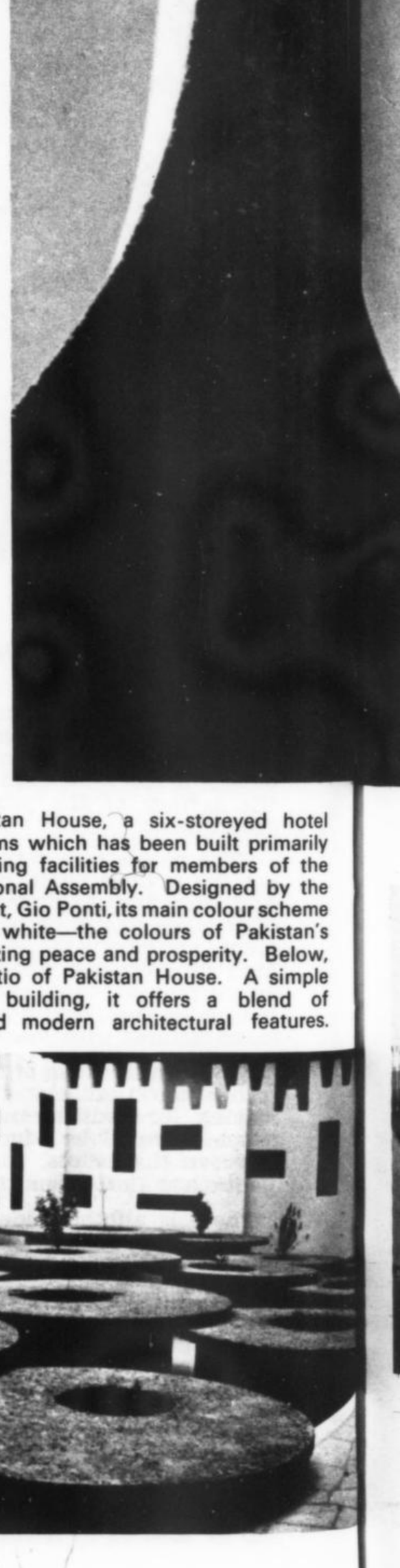
ISLAMABAD

A new capital for Pakistan



Map of West Pakistan. Pakistan's capital, formerly in Karachi, has now been provisionally established in Rawalpindi, about 12 miles from Islamabad, the new capital.

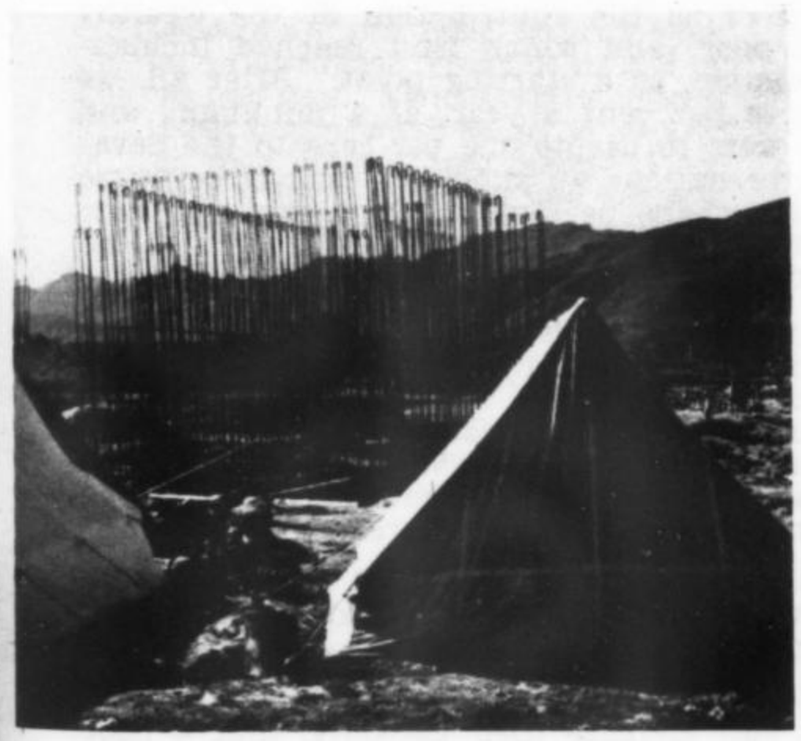
IN the north of West Pakistan, on a site formerly occupied by six small villages, a great modern city has been born: Islamabad, the new capital of Pakistan. It is situated about 12 miles from the present provisional capital at Rawalpindi and some 750 miles from Pakistan's former capital, Karachi. Work began in 1961, and today Islamabad is a bustling city of 50,000 people. The first primary school was opened last year and the secondary school for girls already has 500 pupils. Over 3,250 houses have been built, 700 are now being constructed and a further 2,400 will be built. Half the planned streets are open to traffic. Islamabad can fairly claim to be one of today's most striking architectural and town-planning achievements. It has not merely been planned as the administrative centre of a nation but also as a symbol of its way of life, its history and traditions, and the image of its hopes for prosperity and social stability.



Above, Pakistan House, a six-storeyed hotel with 275 rooms which has been built primarily to provide living facilities for members of the Pakistan National Assembly. Designed by the Italian architect, Gio Ponti, its main colour scheme is green and white—the colours of Pakistan's flag—symbolizing peace and prosperity. Below, an interior patio of Pakistan House. A simple and graceful building, it offers a blend of traditional and modern architectural features.

In terms of educational opportunity, girls are usually less favoured than boys in the developing countries. In Islamabad, girls were the first to benefit when a secondary school was opened last year. Above, in a handicrafts class, girls learn how to make flower pots.

Photos Unesco-Almasy



Above, spread over the vast construction area, metal frameworks for future buildings tower above the tents used as temporary living quarters by the men building Islamabad. The city will eventually have about 100 road and foot bridges and 100 miles of roads of all grades. Right, a minor road in a residential area. All sections of the city will enjoy the same standard of urban services and amenities.

THE FLAGS *(Cont'd from p. 29)*

U.N.-Unesco

In some countries 50% of all the energy used comes from the muscles of men and beasts. In others, thanks to a technological revolution, practically all energy is non-human. Most of the world is still waiting for the technical means that can release resources locked in the soil, in the sun and in the sea. Above, a shot from the U.N.-Unesco film, " Generators of Hope "

No Utopia by next Monday

the variety of these people's needs. They have been accurately and conscientiously studied. But the helping nations each work independently, often in conflict and without a plan, and the will to combine is weak. So that all the aid given to the underdeveloped world amounts to a bare fifth of what we know to be necessary. Of that fraction, the United Nations has been able to supply only a fraction. The gap is not visibly narrower. Perhaps, it would be good if all the helpers could begin the new decade by admitting their failures.

"We have made many mistakes," says David Owen. "We spread our resources out far too thinly. We have undertaken technical projects which were good in themselves, but were from an economic standpoint somewhat implausible. Then there was the problem of doing things in a hurry. Starting off university work before we were sure we had the high schools producing the students to go to these universities. And undertaking the development of industries before we were sure that the world market justified the development of industries of the kind which we had in mind."

And yet there have been astounding successes.

It is not biased to say that some governments and peoples prefer to get help through the United Nations, since an international team is trusted and its motives are above suspicion. International aid could achieve far more if governments gave more money. But governments depend on public opinion, which at present appears too divided to make its weight felt.

Utopia by next Monday morning. This too is a fact of the 1960's. Over half the world's population is under twenty-one; and the idea that age equals wisdom is mocked by the ferment in the blood of the young people everywhere: the new conviction is that a better life can be had and must be had.

Is there a reasonable way to satisfy this craving? Here is what the economist and writer, Barbara Ward Jackson has to say:

"I know a lot of people will say that this is nonsense, that economic assistance to underdeveloped areas is an essential part of governmental policies these days, and governments are giving considerable sums in economic assistance. But I wonder whether we really do it with a right and central purpose.

"Nations give it for their own national interests; they give it to stop the people they don't like; they give it to gain friends for the quarters they do like. I don't think they see it as a potentially international effort to carry the revolution of science and technology in abundance to all mankind, which is now possible. And because of this, I don't think that the positive purposes are put in proper perspective, nor frankly, do I think we do enough.

"I would like to see the one per cent of national income, which is talked of as the contribution of the wealthy nations to the poor (and which isn't reached incidentally) as a minimum, as a starting point. After all, we all grow by three per cent a year, at a minimum, and therefore if we were to devote one per cent to the development of poorer nations we shouldn't exactly be worse off. We might perhaps be slowing down our own rate of wealth-making a little. But that doesn't seem to me to be a tremendous sacrifice to this cause."

The income of the underdeveloped world *can* be raised by a quarter in this decade, if the effort to raise it is not jarred by national jealousy and confused by pulling in different directions. This decade has set a race between education and catastrophe. We could, in only ten years, make the world a more decent place for maybe four humans in ten instead of for three.

The world cost of armaments may well be equal to the income of the whole underdeveloped world. It is a grim piece of arithmetic.

The children themselves will soon learn, for the first time, that men can increase their capacity, that a poor man can—with the right help— change his lot. Rightly given, that help would be part self-interest, part intelligent goodwill, and no part charity.

In ten years from now the flags of the nations could salute a prouder truth than the fact of sovereignty; the fact that millions had learned to take pride in being a member of the human race. .

Letters to the Editor

PLACE FOR SPORT

Sir,

Your articles on amateurism and professionalism in sport (Jan. 1964) were full of interest, but they did not deal with every aspect of this important problem. I think that through your magazine, UNESCO should deal more thoroughly with this question and also present some counter opinions.

Fred Pfeiffer
Kirchberg, Switzerland

Sir,

THE UNESCO COURIER is great and I am very glad I made its acquaintance. But I think you should continue to follow your choice for the January 1964 issue. A little bit of sport, without transforming the magazine, will encourage young people to take a good look at the world. They welcome even a few facts on sport.

René Martin
St-Vallier, France

KEEPING UP WITH ART

Sir,

The very fact that a magazine article can rouse me to write a letter means something. Not only am I getting on in years, but I have seen too much to be easily moved to enthusiasm. However, the article "Movement and Light in Today's Art", (Sept. 1963) made such an impression on me that I do not want to let this opportunity slip by. Certainly, I like a Rubens painting better than a modern one as it is easier for me to understand and appreciate. However, I realize that art, like science and technology, cannot stand still but evolves continuously. Therefore, I congratulate you for having shown your readers the problems inherent in modern art and, using Malina's work as an illustration, giving us an idea of its true aims. Various aspects immediately became much clearer to me and, in spite of my "aged vision", I am now trying to penetrate into this new world of movement and to recognize its beauty. However, you will certainly agree with me that a single issue on this subject is not enough. I am sure that many readers would welcome a return to this theme and perhaps to other aspects of modern art as well. I suddenly feel very "up to date", and thank you warmly for this.

Jules Baur
Laupen, Switzerland

WHEN NEGATIVE = POSITIVE

Sir,

An editorial note in your letters column ("Seeking the Causes of War", Sept. 1963) pointed out that since 1956 UNESCO has placed emphasis on studies of the positive aspects of improving international relations rather than conducting research into the negative aspects of such relations which tend to bring about war. Your split in "negative" and "positive" aspects does not give the "negative" studies the credit they also deserve. Only they can give us a better understanding and knowledge as to which of the aspects of international relations are the most important and should be worked on hardest.

W. Smit
Hilversum, Netherlands

SHAPING YOUNG MINDS

Sir,

I believe that UNESCO, the international organization for culture and education, should do its part in the shaping of young minds from the moral standpoint. This is much more important than many other aspects of education. Despite the many risks run by adolescents today, we seem unmoved by this transcendent problem. Adolescence is the most critical period of life since it is so close to the step that will bring the child to adulthood. We know that today's children are the men of tomorrow, but we still do not concern ourselves sufficiently with their future nor fight energetically enough against the demoralizing and corrupting influences of our time.

Maria Roca de Compta
Barcelona, Spain

DEAL WITH PEOPLE...

Sir,

I find the UNESCO COURIER of little interest. I am interested in the living world of today, not in a long, windy tale about musical instruments, desert sands, arctic penguins etc. In my estimation you have a good organization but why don't you fill your paper with people, problems, understanding of the members of the U.N. nations as they are living today... Don't try to be geographical or scientific but deal with people...

M. J. MacDonald
Montreal, Canada

...AND GIVE US SPECIAL ISSUES

Sir,

For some years now I have been subscribing to your magazine and have been reading the various comments about the magazine in the letters pages. I find it as it is now a very fine journal, midway between being too serious and too popular.

I do not expect to find all articles in any journal I wish to read of equal interest to myself, and hope that at least one or two will be worth reading. THE UNESCO COURIER always lives up to my expectations.

I enjoy the special issues as they appear from time to time, so I hope that you will keep these up. It was, in fact, a special issue which brought THE UNESCO COURIER to my notice, one on Buddhist art sometime in 1956 I think. (June 1956-Ed.) Mostly I enjoy the features on art, literature, archaeology, ancient Egypt and other civilizations—that is my personal bias, but I do find many others interesting. Other letters you print only show that you can't please everybody.

D. G. Jamieson
Dunedin, New Zealand

NEW ART IN GLASS

Sir,

Anita Engle's interesting article, "3,000 Years of Glass-Making" (Feb. 1964), set me thinking about a new art form: gemmail. What kind of process is used here and how is glass incorporated with it? Since when has gemmail existed? Congratulations on the standard of your texts and illustrations.

Pierre Bailly
Chaource, Aube, France

Ed note : Gemmail is a method of making stained glass pictures without the use of lead soldering, and simply by juxtaposition and superposition of fragments of glass. The technique is said to have been first used in 1939 *by the French surrealist artist of Swiss origin, Jean Crotti* (1878-1958).

UNREVEALED TRANSLATIONS

Sir,

In the October 1963 issue of THE UNESCO COURIER, a letter headed "Hebrew Translations" deals, inter-alia, with books that have been translated from Hebrew into German. On the authority of the last two editions of the "Index Translationum", this letter states that only a single book has been translated from Hebrew into German.

However correct the information obtained from the Index Translationum may be, it gives a very incomplete picture. As was recently stated in *Germania Judaica,* published by the Cologne Library for the History of German Jewry, more translations from Hebrew have appeared (at any rate in German) than the Index Translationum indicates. The reason is that many books written by Jewish authors have not been translated into German but originally appeared in that language, while other books by Jewish authors were translated into German via the English version. Neither the one nor the other type of translation from the Hebrew is listed in the Index Translationum.

This is not an isolated case, but also holds for translations from Asian languages, which often find their way into European languages via English, French or German.

Dr. Horst Richter
Cologne, German Federal Republic

From the Unesco Newsroom...

YOUTH LENDS A HAND: Since the U.N. Development Decade was launched three years ago, nearly two million young people have served as volunteer helpers, building roads, bridges and schools, and teaching and doing social work in the developing countries. Plans to expand this work have been made by voluntary service organizations at a conference in Linz, Austria called by the Coordination Committee for International Voluntary Workcamps with UNESCO's assistance.

ALL ABOUT UNESCO: The most complete account of UNESCO's activities and history is available to scholars, research workers, librarians, authors, students and others in the UNESCO Archives. A collection of over 217,000 items of documentation, the Archives are consulted on subjects ranging from problems of the developing countries to race questions, and from child and family problems to mass communication techniques. Anyone unable to visit the Archives at UNESCO's H.Q. in Paris may request information by mail.

PRAGUE BIOLOGY COURSE: A post-graduate course on modern problems in biology sponsored by UNESCO and organized by the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences in co-operation with the University of 17th November, Prague, will be held at this university from October 1, 1964 to September 15, 1965. Lectures will be given in English. Application forms may be obtained from Academician Ivan Malek, Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences, Narodni trida 3, Praha 1 - Staré Mesto, Czechoslovakia, and must be completed by July 15, 1964.

FACTORY-BUILT TOWNS: Prefabrication plants which will put the construction of entire towns on an assembly-line basis are to be built on sites in the Ukraine, near Tashkent (Uzbekistan) and in Daghestan. These three factories are composed of pre-fabricated elements and can be dismantled when required. Each will turn out the parts to make 1,000 homes a year, as well as kindergartens and schools.

IN SPACE FOR 470 MILLION YEARS. French and American scientists believe that a meteorite found in Upper Volta (Africa) last year had previously been moving through space for 470 million years. The meteorite, weighing just under 18 lbs. and looking like a piece of rusted metal, may provide new information on cosmic rays and the age and origin of the solar system.

SEISMIC EXPLORATION OF WORLD'S CRUST: More systematic use of seismic explosions to obtain a truer picture of the profile of the earth's crust has been recommended by a meeting convened in Paris for the International Committee for Geophysics. The picture so far obtained of the earth's crust is far from complete and probably inaccurate in detail.

MAPPING HISTORIC MONUMENTS: Switzerland, the 49th country to ratify the International Convention for the Protection of Historic Monuments in the Event of Armed Conflict, recently arranged for publication by the Topographical Institute of a 1: 300,000 scale map indicating all its artistic and historical monuments, as well as those of Liechtenstein. To date, fifty countries have ratified the International Convention, which is sponsored by UNESCO.

TEMPLE ON THE MOVE: The small temple of Buhen with its beautiful sculptures and paintings which for 3,500 years has stood above the Nile near Wadi Halfa in Sudanese Nubia is now stored away in cases in Khartoum, prior to its re-erection on a new site under UNESCO's plan to save monuments threatened by floodwaters after the completion of the new Aswan High dam. The Buhen temple will be rebuilt in the gardens of the New Museum in Khartoum.

Flashes...

■ *The first joint Soviet-French research in Antarctica has recently been carried out. Five French glaciologists took part in a* 900 *mile trek by snow vehicle from the Soviet Vostok station near the South Pole, to study the movement, structure and deformation of the Antarctic ice shield.*

■ *Under a national plan for educational expansion, Colombia has built* 3,000 *primary schools and plans to construct a further* 20,000. *A Unesco mission now in Bogota, Colombia's capital, is helping the government to review its educational planning at all levels.*

■ *Kenya recently became Unesco's* 114*th member state.*

■ *The world's first ocean-bottom seismograph station which will be used for tracking small continental earthquakes is to be placed in the Pacific Ocean. It will be connected by cable to a recording station on the nearby California coast, to which it will transmit data on seismic waves in the ocean depths.*

■ *Every year water-borne diseases, including typhoid, dysentery and cholera, kill five million babies and attack* 500 *million people, reports the World Health Organization. This year's World Health Assembly urged the stepping up of national programmes to provide safe drinking water.*

JET AGE AIRMAIL STAMPS

The 15c and 25c United Nations airmail stamps which had been in use since 1951 were reissued with new designs on May 1. The 25c stamp (above) was designed by George Hamori, of Australia and was printed by the Austrian Government printing Office. As agent in France of the U.N. Postal Administration, Unesco's Philatelic Service stocks all U.N. stamps and first day covers currently on sale, and those issued by Unesco member states to commemorate important events in the history of Unesco and the U.N. For prices and further details, write to the Unesco Philatelic Service, Place de Fontenoy, Paris-7e.

SAVING AFRICAN WILDLIFE — A NEW UNESCO FILMSTRIP

Seventy kinds of African mammals disappeared during the 19th century and since the beginning of the 20th, forty more have become extinct. "Our African Heritage" a colour filmstrip recently issued by Unesco, serves as an illustrated guide to the problem of protecting wildlife in Africa. In 32 colour photographs the Unesco filmstrip shows some of the animals which are an important natural resource for Africa and a valuable scientific heritage for the world. Measures to protect these animals from game hunters are suggested in seven diagrams, illustrating how a balance could be achieved between the animals and their natural habitat. Commentary notes, a glossary and a bibliography are given in English, French and Spanish in an explanatory booklet. Distributors' addresses and further details of this and other Unesco filmstrips covering a wide range of subjects may be obtained from Unesco's Visual Information Division, Place de Fontenoy, Paris-7e.

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SHEVCHENKO, REBEL WITH A CAUSE

Celebrations this year mark the 150th birthday anniversary of the Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko whose entire life was dedicated to a struggle against despotism and on behalf of human rights

(See page 11). An exhibition of 1,600 works of art dedicated to Shevchenko opened recently in Kiev. This statue by the Ukranian sculptor, Michael Khudas, honours the poet in Zaporozhe (Ukraine).